

Omega Squadron

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-12-06 19:57:44

Updated: 2008-01-07 14:34:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:11:03

Rating: T

Chapters: 12

Words: 9,720

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The war continues and Humanity has to once again put its survival on the shoulders of a elite group of soldiers. This time it's Omega. A collaboration between a few friends and I.

1. Military Software Detected

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This document is from the highly classified battle squad called Omega Squad. This squad has recently departed on several missions to help humanity win the war against the Covenant armada. These are their reports.

A/N: Iv'e re-arranged this story completly. Those of you who have been reading up on Omega may notcie this. But I've redone the story so its a bit less confusing to the newcomers. Trying to rope in new interest too. It's the hits and the reviews that we're looking for, so let's see em!

2. Welcome to Omega

A/N: Sorry! The last bit of this chapter got cut off when I uploaded the document. This is the full version.

Disclaimer: My friends and I don't own anything associated with Halo video games or the Halo series books. We did create our own purely fictional characters though.

Searchingâ€¦ Done

M.C Anderson Log # 000.1

"Enemy forces closing in. Advise taking cover."

Tal's voice rang out, and quickly he drew his standard commission Rifle. He then switched it to its 3-round burst setting, inspecting the gun over once more.

Vince Anderson, Spartan V-005, then broke into a run, his modified MJOLNIR Armor suit helping his body to incredible speeds. Vince was not the everyday Spartan, he was a test tube baby, which was genetically enhanced and changed. An experiment in Supremacy; wolf DNA and human DNA were combined, tossing all the conflicting traits to produce a perfect blend of Wolf and Man. It was successful and to avoid ridicule, he was admitted to the Spartan Program.

Even as a baby, or pup, whatever one would call him, he trained. Most knowledge of books was fed to him subconsciously, and around his first year birthday, he spoke fluently, drilled practice workouts and outmatched the six year old human trainees. He was a freak of nature, a result of Man playing God.

At the age of six, he then began the alterations to his body. In addition to his standard Spartan upgrades and standard Spartan V outfitting, he gained the ability of rapid tissue regeneration, a recent and highly classified ability which the Spartan V's were to test. Luckily, the six Spartan V's that were created survived but Vince was kept secret and the lack of a Spartan V-005 was blamed on an accident in surgery.

Around the age of 12, he completed the Spartan II requirements and started on the Spartan III regiment. He finished this within a year due to the simplicity of the program. The Spartan IV program took him to 16 and then Spartan V program took him to the age of 24; the rigorous 8 eight years of constant drilling, pain exercises, tactical management, combat tactics, weapon design, and especially covenant ship and craft study, made him the perfect flawless soldier despite the racial barrier. The rest of the time until now was spent in the Officer Academy, where he learned standard tactics as well as how to command a battle fleet.

Although his battle fleet training was quite extensive, the high commanders still strapped him into a MJOLNIR suit and sent him off to his first assignment. He had gone through his infiltration several times in the simulator, and each time he had passed, so he hope the simulators were right.

Apparently, he had to apprehend stolen data form the enemy, the covenant had infiltrated a UNSC facility, taking the data just before

glassing the planet. The positive was he could either steal the data back or destroy it outright and the options were quite welcome. Two jackals conversing in their strange dialect were standing at the entrance to a small complex, and he was thankful that the rainforest they were in was adding slightly calming effect to his enemies. Raising his battle rifle, he switched its mode to single fire and popped off two rounds in rapid succession, and smirked as two bodies fell to the ground.

He switched to full auto then, and ran into the open installation. His sensors detected patrols of Brutes coasting through the halls of the building, causing Vince to grin toothily. This was going to be a pushover.

He pooped around the corner to unload into a pair Brutes after the other groups were far enough away as not to discover their missing comrades. His shots were all high and at least 3 rounds caught each surprised soldier in the face, dropping the large apes to the ground quickly.

He moved with the other Brute patrols, stalking them from a distance as not to be noticed. He only had a few minutes before they would find the other four dead bodies. He entered a central control room, which strangely doubled as a, for what it seemed a healing vat storage room. The terminal was dead center and he rushed to it, setting his gun down next to it as he worked.

"Vinceâ€¦ look to your right."

Tal seemed surprised, almost dumbstruck. Vince turned and opened his eyes, nearly losing his footing when he saw what Tal was speaking of.

There was a female version of his race in one of the healing vats, dressed in what looked like covenant standard gear. Two and two connected and apparently the covenant had found plans for his genome, and used its data to create a clone of him. The only thing they got wrong wasâ€¦ female. He heard a slight sound behind him.

He spun just in time to catch the fist of the attacking brute into the side of his helmet, and he lost consciousness shortly afterwards.

When he awoke, he was lying on the floor, looking upwards, several Elites standing over him, but their armor was colored differently.

"Kural, is he awake?"

He also found that he wasn't bound so, proving he was okay, he sat up.

"Does that answer you?"

They just laughed, and Vince then stood, looking around for a weapon.

"A Spartan, no less a Spartan V, should not allow himself to be captured, we worked hard to rescue you. The Arbiter told us to rescue you, in case you wondered."

'Ah', thought Vince. "Alright, did you recover the UNSC data I downloaded?"

The elite nodded, handing the data pad and the battle rifle to Vince.

"We guessed these were yours."

He took both, and slung the rifle onto his shoulder. Soon a loud, obnoxious human was on his radio.

"Coming in hot! The Master Chief is down there. Neutralize the building. Covenant Elites, Grunts and Hunters are speculated to be..."

The transmission turned to static. Vince knew that radio was down now, and the UNSC was on the move.

"Get out of here! You have toâ€¦" Static filled his ears, Tal shouted, and soon he couldn't see the friendly forces in front of him. He blacked out again.

This time he awoke in bed, his armor was off and a bright light was above him, he covered his eyes and squinted.

"Welcome aboard soldier. You're on the UNSC carrier Zeus. We extracted you from capture under enemy Covenant-"

"Friendly Covenant, sir." Vince snuck in quickly, getting out of the bed and standing.

"Eh, they got what was coming to them. Anyhow, I'm your commanding officer. Welcome to Omega, Vince Anderson."

3. Vince Anderson

Searchingâ€¦. Done

Omega 05

UNSC Database

Designation: Spartan V -005

Name: Vince Anderson

Gender: Male

Species: Human-wolf (Lupus-Saipan)

Height: 7'2" (2.18 Meters)

Weight: 140 kg (380 pounds) Fully armored: 180 kg

Age: 28 (Earth Standard Time)

Build: Standard Spartan V trained and toned build, (for his size)

Eye Color: Gold, almost metallic

Hair/ Fur color: Red Irish hair, standard grey fur.

Heritage: Irish American (human) Grey Wolf (wolf)

Appearance: A virtual tank of a Spartan, Vince is the result of further tinkering of man into genetic manipulation, proving it could be done.

Personality: Stern, quiet and solitary, although lonely in reality due to his difference from everyone.

Combat Specialty: Close/Medium range combat, Fleet Command, Squad Tactics

Homeworld: Earth

Background: Vince, having no parents, was drilled in the even more so rigorous regiment of the Spartan V program. He was ridiculed constantly, but simply by busting the faces in of his tormenters fixed the problem quiet nicely. He was trained in command as well, and can pose as a fleet tactician and/or commander if a lock of one is presented.

(AI)

Name: Talassea "Tal"

Apparent Gender: Female

Apparent species: Human-Wolf (Lupus-Saipan)

Age: 6 months old

Apparent Build: Lightly toned, slim and shapely

Personality: Flirty and playful, although cunning and intuitive.

Appearance: To be eye-pleasing to Vince, she analyzed his DNA and predicted what a female of his species would look like and assumed the form when external of his MJOLNIR suit.

4. Always the Best

Terra Log # 001

Omega squad had always been the best. They worked the best together, they were the best on the shooting range, they were the best during melee training, and most of all, they were the best at getting whatever job no one else could do, done. Then, it had been a huge shock to have their first casualty, and lose their first squad mate, their squad leader nonetheless, Drew. He had been getting a demo charge prepped on their last mission when a once in a lifetime round from a Needler had embedded itself in the soft plastic explosive. In a split second, Drew was on top of the charge yelling at everyone to take cover and get away. The squad rolled away and the round

exploded, setting off the fatal chain reaction. Their MJOLNIR suits were strong but nearly a kilogram of high power explosives at point blank range was bad news for anyone. The shields collapsed instantly, and the hardened plates of battle armor made to save his life, ended it. They were crushed, and curled up inside Drew's body, puncturing his lungs and heart; he never felt a thing. The only good thing was that his suit saved everyone else from the blast. The rest of the squad was alive and Drew died smiling, knowing he had done his duty.

November Terra shook her head and pushed the thoughts of her dead squad leader to the back of her mind where she locked away her strongest emotions. She knew that the only real emotion that belonged on the battlefield was her anger. Not blind rage but an anger that got her adrenaline pumping. It was that adrenaline that set her whole body on fire, that same adrenaline that sharpened all of her senses, that same adrenaline that made her feel alive. Then, on the other side of the emotion spectrum, she loved the bliss of her Zen shooting state, where she would feel nothing but the life on the receiving end of her rifle. She loved how her squad mates said that there was nothing to her voice, like she was dreaming while speaking to them. Even above that, to her, there was nothing better than being able to feel the weight of someone's life in her hand, where it was your decision to banish that life from this realm or carry it to safety. In her Zen state, everything in the world, in that one moment just before she took her shot melded into her, making her aware of every last detail. Every blade of grass, every drop of the rain that she hated so much, every little insect buzzing around her head, was noticed, accounted for and placed into her calculations. It is then just after that, when she would apply the 9 kilograms of pressure to her rifle's trigger which would snap the firing pin forward, igniting the high density explosive powder, sending the modified ceramic tungsten round out of the barrel at over 1500 meters per second, she feels most like The Angel Of Death, bringing justice to all that oppose her.

The entrance of the ship lieutenant roused November from her thoughts and actions. She glanced down and noticed that she had been in the process of reassembling her rifle for what seemed like the millionth time. An old barrel, scorched from use, lay close by and a new barrel was already installed on the rifle. November quickly slid the action back onto her rifle, replaced the trigger housing and reset the safety to finish her chore and stood, saluting the new officer on deck. The lieutenant motioned for the partial squad to assemble and November took her place next to Aliisa. Alan and Yuri stooped their conversation and fell in next to Nova.

"Omega. The replacement for Spartan V 001 is due in soon. The Triton will link up with the Zeus and we will retrieve our next set of orders and the replacement will come aboard as well. We rendezvous in 0500 hours, until then suit up, full load out, AIs onboard. Move."

As much as she didn't like taking orders from a wing wiper, she had to. The squad dispersed away to their individual rooms to prepare. Nova stalked away from the group, stopping only to pick up her rifle maintenance kit, rifle, and Val's memory crystal. When she reached her quarters, they were very clean and very organized and everything was tailored to the UNSC regulations. There were two exceptions though. One was the case that Nova stored all of her rifle gear in.

It was almost as large as her bed and it held everything she needed to fight a war, all encased in thick ceramic armor. She slid Val's memory crystal into the lock and soon the crystal was dispensed and case opened. Nova reached in and carefully took out the new experimental 250 power scope that was given to her to test. At least that's what the brass told her. She knew that there was no normal human alive would be able to use a 250 power scope and still hit their target. It was simply too far away for them. She didn't like being conceited but it was true. So brass gave her a brand new scope to use. Normally, Nova wouldn't need to make use of a scope seeing that her MJOLNIR suit already had top of the line magnification software. That was where she ran in to her problem. The software used information from orbital sensors as well as powerful long-range sensors on the suit to view targets that were below the horizon. This information had to be received by the suit, processed, and converted into an image Nova could use. This took time and the few milliseconds that it took caused the image to lag behind real-time. This phenomena usually only happens at extremely long ranges and in pitched firefights it could not keep up. That was when her real skills started to shine. When using the scope, she didn't have to worry about the lag. The scope didn't have to process the data; it just was essentially a large zoom camera lens. All Nova had to do was predict where the target would be and pull the trigger. After that it was the equipments job. As long as everything worked, she hit her target.

The other piece of non-standard equipment was her MJOLNIR armor case. The armor was encased within 3 inches of Titanium-A battle armor plate that was used most commonly for starship armor. The case had encrypted computer lock that only the AI that mated with the suit itself could unlock. Again, Nova plugged in the thin slice of memory crystal that held the best friend Nova had ever known. A slight humming emitted from the case as the powerful encrypting computer booted up and Val destroyed the blocks of code that protected one piece of the UNSC's most expensive projects ever. The price of one of the MJOLNIR mk.6 suits already cost more than the whole Spartan II project. The humming stopped and the memory crystal was ejected again. A faint light emitted from the seal on the case as the powerful hydraulic jacks silently pushed the case open to reveal the gunmetal grey MJOLNIR body armor and helmet. Each mk.6 armor suit is unique as the Spartan V that used them. One of the many customizations built into to Nova's suit was an extra set or micro-servos that actually made the legs of the suit stiffer, When Nova would sprint up to her top speed, something that was in range of 90-95 km/h, the stress of coming to a stop in a instant, like what would be required of her on the battlefield would splinter ever her reinforced skeletal structure of her legs. The servos are required to counteract this stress. Also, she has had a defibrillator built inside the chest plate of her armor that became necessary when she entered her Zen state. It had been documented before that she had dropped her heart rate to below ten beats per minute. Then one day while shooting at extreme range targets, she consciously stopped her heart to make a shot. She was unable to get it started again on her own and a med team had to strip her armor off of her to start her heart again. After that incident, Nova requested for Aliisa to place the defibrillator inside her suit so that Val could bring her back to life.

Nova undressed quickly, shivering as the cold air on the ship touched her bare pale skin. Looking at her own reflection on her battle suit,

she gave a sigh. She was a beautiful woman and would have easily been able to get a job as a model on any planet, but she was here in the Spartan program. They didn't care if she was a woman or not. She trained whenever they told her to. When Nova started puberty, her trainers had laughed at her. She became clumsy, and her body changed again. She gained the more curved shape of a woman instead of being the small tomboy, and now instead of laughing at her, her trainers stared at her like a piece of meat. Nova forced them out of her mind for a while but it became impossible when a trainer touched her. She remembered the event like it was still yesterday. He had grabbed her behind while Nova was getting suited up and she had whirled around and grabbed his wrist in a vice grip. The trainer had a stunned look of shock on his face as she dragged him by his arm into the trainer mess hall, still dressed in the leg pieces of the MJOLNIR suit, and brought him before the rest of his peers. She had said nothing through the ordeal and now she looked at the scared man held in her grasp with sadistic smile. She squeezed his hand, felt several of the bones break, and slammed her open palm of her other hand against the man's elbow. She still smiled as she dropped his crushed hand and walked out of the hall. After that, the trainers had only pulled away from her.

Nova's usually impassive face slid into a full grin as she stepped into the leg pieces of her suit, remembering the event and all the years spent honing her deadly skills into a tool to use against the forces of the universe threatening humanity. All the time spent on her reflexes, her shooting, her martial arts, a whole lifetime of training all pressed into 16 years. Sometimes she would think of what her life may have been like if she hadn't been selected for the Spartan Program. It was weird for her to think of such, she knew, because she never knew what civilian life was like. She didn't know a single thing about life outside of war. But that stopped quickly. She didn't want her life to be any other way than how it was now. Lost in thought, Nova finished putting on her suit. She attached her compact rifle to the back plate of her armor perpendicular to her spine and upside down. Nova was considered a renegade for carting her rifle as such but it was more comfortable if she carried her weapon that way.

The last piece of armor to go on was her helmet. It sat inside the case, facing her like her own decapitated head. Taking the helmet, Nova inserted the thin slice or memory crystal into receptacle on the rear of the helmet. She felt a small tingle on her skin as the suit wirelessly transferred power to the helmet and powered the AI inside. Val's bell clear voice sounded inside the helmet speakers.

"It's nice to see that you still care about me, Nova." Val had that tone of a girlfriend that you hadn't talked to in a week. Nova quipped back quickly in return.

"Don't start already Val; it hasn't even been six hours. Plus the newbie is going to be here soon and I want you on your _BEST _behavior."

Val's tone changed in an instant. "You can count on me, my love!"

Nova twitched at Val's comment but decided to let it be for now. Val would be surprised when she got what was coming to her for that one. She put her helmet on, noting that all armor systems were functioning

properly. Her heads up display disappeared, leaving the full view of Nova's small room unhindered. Nova stalked out of the room, and took a trip up to the bridge, intent on fulfilling a secret desire. When she got to the bridge, she nodded at the commanding officer and headed up to the clear observation window. Her efforts were to be rewarded. Ever since entering the Spartan Program and traveling the universe, she had developed a fascination with Slipspace travel. Watching ships enter and exit Slipspace was one of her favorite hobbies and she would always try and watch every ship she could perform mankind's greatest feat. Just off to the port side of the bow, space began to swirl, shift and bubble. The stars swirled together and compressed into one point of nothing, while faint spots of green light gathered and morphed into bright red tendrils of energy that lanced out from the exit point. From experience and her studies Nova knew that Slipspace was a violent dimension and those red strings were like physical signs of the wounds that time received as man tore it and bent to his will. A bright flash of light exploded on to her observation window, her faceplate instantly shielded Nova's extremely sensitive eyes, and space snapped back to normality.

The Zeus was a much larger ship than the enlarged prowler that Omega squad used. Nova stared as the massive ship slowly decelerated from Slipspace and pivoted to face the Triton. Nova spun on her heel and strode off the command deck and headed down to the hangar bay where her new squad leader would arrive. She did wonder where the UNSC came up with another Spartan V for the squad but then again Alan was a V either. The rest of the squad was already there standing in line, all three of them, in full armor, sporting their personal load out of weapons proudly. Nova checked her armor's concealed weapon joint and smiled knowing that if anything, she would be able to dish out the most damage in these tight quarters if anything happened. She fell in next to Aliisa and Val chimed in.

"You know you look so cute when you stand at attention. I could just eat you up right now!"

Nova could only imagine the way Val looked her.

5. November Terra

Name: November Annabella Terra (Nova for short)

UNSC designation: Spartan V003-6

Rank: Petty Officer First Class

Species: Bio-Engineered Human

Gender: Female

Height: 1.78 meters

Weight: 77 Kg (107 Kg fully armored)

Age: 26

Build: Lean, shapely toned.

Eye Color: Jade Green

Hair Color and Style: Dark Blond. Cut to regulation 16 cm, Nova keeps it pulled back in a ponytail most of the time.

Homeworld: Mars in the Sol System

Heritage: Earth European; English and German

Appearance: Although short for a Spartan V at only 1.78m, for what she lacks in build she make up in speed and precision. With legs almost too long for her height, she can burst up to 90 km/h on flat ground. Nova has an angular beauty to her face, with her most notable feature being her striking green eyes.

Personality: Nova is typically the quietest Spartan of the group and aside from what contact is required with members other than the squad, she spends most of her time alone either cleaning her rifle or practicing her martial arts. Nova has also gained a 'sixth sense' for danger; being able to 'feel' any threat against the squad. This new ability has bailed the squad out of many tight spots in the past. Nova can be an arrogant person when it comes to her fighting, but again, most of the time she doesn't interact with the squad aside from what is required. Also Nova typically has a calm air about her, no matter the circumstances. She handles pressure very well, but she gets angered quickly when things don't go well when she is under said pressure. What truly sets Nova apart from the other Spartan Vs is her intense distrust of UNSC equipment. This distrust comes from a near death misfire experience on the firing ranges. One of the 14.5x11mm sniper rifle rounds exploded in the barrel and the action shattered, embedding several pieces inside Nova's neck. She was saved, but barely. She used her status as a Spartan V to commission a rifle that she designed from ONI section 5. Her new rifle is shorter and bulkier than the standard issue rifle but it is much more powerful and nearly impossible to jam or misfire. Using a special heavy ceramic tungsten round and a high explosive compound instead of conventional powder the rifle is able to achieve much better results than the standard rifle. The actual round is too large to fit down the barrel of the rifle but when the charge behind the bullet goes off, the external coating of the bullet is melted off and squeezed out the end of the barrel. This coating allows the bullet to have very low air resistance and to conserve its power all the way to its target. This whole system takes its toll on the barrel and the barrel has to be changed after every 250 shots. Nova also uses her own sidearm, a larger more powerful pistol than the M6D issue. It chambers much larger .50 cal slug with a clip size of 9 rounds. Nova keeps her sidearm stored inside her armor in the small of her back.

Combat Specialty: Nova is the best sniper to ever grace the UNSC ranks. Even before her modifications, she was able to outshoot most of the other Spartan graduates. To make her an even better sniper was a feat not easily achieved. Enhancements were made to her eyes such as coating the nerve with a composite to speed up the image processing speed, mirroring the back of her retinas to more clearly define her sight and to allow her to see in low light. On the other end of the spectrum, Nova excels in hand to hand combat. She has spent years alone training in every martial arts style that has existed. Nova had already learned more than enough about hand to hand combat even before she was pulled into the Spartan program, instead of the officer's teaching her how to fight; it was her telling the officers what they were doing wrong. After her Spartan training, Nova

had nothing left to do but to train more. So she trained until there was nothing left to train for. When she hit that point, she made her own style. To round off her training, she received Advanced OSDT training in stealth and infiltration.

AI Name and Appearance: Nova's smart AI was created using her own flash-cloned brain to increase the compatibility with Nova and the MJOLNIR suit. When the AI grew intelligent enough to become aware of its own individual existence, it took the appearance of a pre-feudal era female samurai. She also named herself Valerie or Val for short. Val wears a long black hakama with a blood red kanji 11 in the center of the back. She has hair nearly identical to Nova's, the only difference being that it is jet black, and has blood red eyes to match the same color of the kanji. Again, Val is almost exactly like Nova, usually quiet and reserved but she also can be very outspoken and blunt. She speaks her mind whenever possible but usually only when Nova's safety is involved. She cares very much for her host, almost too much, bordering on the line between infatuation and frenzied love when Nova fights.

Background: Mars seemed like the perfect place to live for November. She was close enough to Earth so that if the covenant armada attacked the system she would be safe, guarded by the massive Super MAC guns in orbit. She lived a mostly normal childhood and grew up in a loving household. Every day at school was different though. She would get in trouble and pick fights with eth other kids but whenever the school officials would try and punish her, her parents would simply smile and say she was a special child. Nova continued her childhood rampage through out the years until she heard of the Spartan project. Instantly she fell in love with the super soldier group and wished that she could one day join their ranks. She got her wish.

One night when she was ten, a bunch of strange men burst into her room and hauled her away. In the van that she had been taken to, she asked her captors two questions.

"Am I going to be a Spartan?"

The men looked at each other and back her. They said nothing. Nova huffed and asked again.

"What is today's date?"

This time they responded. "April 26th. Why?"

Nova smirked back at the group of soldier s in front of her.

"It's that day I start my new life. My life as a Spartan."

6. Green

Wolfsheim log #001

Alan stared at the door ruefully. If their leader hadn't been such an idiot, standing on explosives while under enemy fire, then he wouldn't have died. He should have thought about it more, but Alan gave him some credit for being noble. After all, he had saved the rest of the team. He should have been thankful for that, but Alan hated newbies, being probably the oldest Spartan prototype still in

service. This was strange, because he was the group's explosives specialist. He knew he should have blown himself up by this point, but here he was, alive.

Alan stood, deciding that he might as well get ready. He quickly put his armor on, eager to end the annoying silence. His AI, DesirÃ", wasn't much for conversation but she was better than nothing. He left his helmet off, preferring the freedom of movement.

His AI clicked on, her ghost like form appearing once more on his shoulder.

"Ready for the green?" He asked, watching her with his peripheral vision. She turned her head slowly, her hair floating into place afterwards.

"Check." She said, and Alan sighed. He knew what she meant and reached up and pulled his short hair hard, something that would have normally hurt.

Nothing.

"Damnit!" He cried, slamming his fist into the wall. Because of the experiments done to hi, his genetic structure was weak. This caused him to have periodic nerve failings, starting with his ability to feel pain. He had a serum, but it didn't make him feel any good. DesirÃ" had been forced to seize his suit to keep him standing.

Alan placed his hand on his neck, his hand on the small scars near his jugular. DesirÃ"'s image shimmered, signaling she was activating the program. Needles shot form his palm, injecting his serum. He didn't even wince anymore, the pain was almost welcome.

He finished suiting up. He feared that if he opened his mouth, the drugs moving through his system would force what food he had left out of his stomach. He strapped on his rocket launcher to his back, latching it to his grenade stash. His SMGs latched to his belt, his AI calmly correcting any mistakes he made. He refused to put on his helmet on, despite DesirÃ"'s protests.

"It looks improper." She complained calmly, and Alan ignored it as well. He walked form his room, his AI shimmering away with a small dignified huff. His face remained impassive until he reached his teammate. He didn't bother learning which one it was, his medication making him not in a talkative mood.

'I really hate greens.'

A/N: REVIEW!

7. Alan Wolfsheim

Name: Alan Wolfsheim

Gender: Male

Species: Gen-alt Human (looks part canine, part feline)

Height: 6'6

Weight: 100 kg (145 kg with armor and weapons)

Age: 29

Build: Lean but powerful

Eye Color: Burgundy-red

Hair Color and Style: Short cropped black hair, clean-shaven face.

Heritage: Untraceable after multiple gene-splicing experiments

Homeworld: Tritan (Jupiter Moon)

Appearance: Created to be the perfect soldier, he is build to fit military specifications. His strength far surpasses his looks, his muscle and bone structure enhanced to carry enormous loads.

Personality: His personality developed over time, having no initial personality. He has become an abrasive loud mouth, cynical even in his best moods. He is constantly modifying any weapon he can, including his grenades. He has become kinder since being drafted into the squad, but still tinkers.

Weapons Compliment: Two SMG pistols with alternating armor piercing rounds and explosive rounds. He also has a rocket launcher, and a double compliment of grenades. His backpack contains ammo and various explosive charges.

AI appearance and personality: Alan's AI, know as DesirÃ" is as intelligent as Alan is ruthless. She has a built in hard drive killer and system control program. She is built to hack any system and is nearly impossible to stop or destroy. Her AI image is unique as well. Her outfit appears as a mix elegance and combat attire. DesirÃ" is kind when kindness is logical and fierce when it is logical and so on.

Background: Alan's life was easily described as one word: failure. He met average standards and never excelled at one thing in particular. His parents had been very open about showing their disappointment in him, and so at 18 he joined an experimental project off-world. They attempted to explain what would happen but they used words he couldn't understand. They gave rigourous training, stimulants, and injections. Alan became ill and they were forced to freeze him for years.

When he thawed he was completely different. The man Alan had been was gone. In its place was a cold, emotionless powerhouse. Most of his DNA had been he written, including that which influenced his brain patterns. He understood everything they could, and so they gave him a few weapons and gave him a "test run"

He failed, because he was too good.

He had killed everything, friend or foe, and was eventually stopped by his replacements; the V's that he had been a prototype for. He

signed on, a trade of cooperation for his life. Given armor, his AI, and his favorite weapons he was ready.

8. Wake Up

Yuri Log #001

"Yuri wake up" Said a woman's voice. "The new guy will be here soon." Yuri opened his eyes and looked around his bunk. "Why didn't you just let me sleep?" A small image of a female ninja appeared on top of the gunmetal grey case containing the Spartan armor suit that was Yuri's life blood. "Because you shouldn't be this lazy, we have work to do." He grumbled and removed the memory crystal from his projector and placed it in his armor case. The case shifted, opened and Yuri smiled. "It's nice to get a new mission." After running the prototype checks on the armor, Yuri started applying it. Finally grabbing his helmet, he walked out into the main docking bay and looked around. "Shit." Yuri ran back to his bunk and retrieved his memory crystal and placed it in his helmet and got the usual berating he did after such a move from his AI, Ai. "Chill out! It's not like I left you in an enemy base again." said Yuri. "Don't even bring that up, Yuri. Now let's run the function tests okay?" said Ai. Yuri walked to the lock next to the hangar and activated his suits active camo first. "Good. I'm reading full coverage and heat levels are in the green. Okay, now how are your blades doing?" said Ai. Yuri deactivated his camo and went into his hand to hand stance and activated his wrist mounted energy blades. "Good I'm not seeing any power drain and the energy modules are fully charged." Yuri smiled. "I knew those mods I made after our last mission would help." He deactivated his blade and went to wait with the other Spartans for the arrival of their new commander.

Yuri stared as the air lock opened and the Spartan stepped out and saluted. Saluting back, Ai chimed in. "Yuri, your cloak is on." She laughed her honey sweet laugh and Yuri turned off his camo then the Spartans voice chimed in, booming through the air lock. After the Spartan finished, Yuri saluted and walked over to the new Spartan and looked up at the towering figure. "Hello." He stretched out his hand out to the large warrior.

9. Yuri

Name: Yuri (No last name found)

Gender: Male

Species: Bio-engineered Human

Height: 6'6

Weight: 130 Kilos unarmored 210 fully armored

Age: 19

Build: Lean well toned, not big but slender.

Eye Color: Forest Green

Hair Color: Teal Green

Heritage: Unknown

Homeworld: Mars (Sol System)

Appearance: He is a teenager bred to be a fighter but not to show it. He is very slender but well toned for his age. Very athletic looking. He has teal green long hair and when not wearing his MJOLNIR suit, he wears jeans and hoodies.

Personality: Openly show his engineering skill and combat skill but won't talk about his past. Always laughing and joking with Alan about being misfits.

MJOLNIR specs: Contains the first human made active camouflage emitter and twin energy killing blades. Also the suit is much lighter than the others and has a special sound nullifying system built in.

Weapon set: Arm mounted killing blades, Twin full/semi auto magnums with extended clips. Battle rifle modded with full spectrum scope, and a compliment of flares and grenades.

AI: Hotaru

AI Presence: Form 8 Female Fuma

AI Personality: Sweet but yells at Yuri when he forgets about her.

Background: Not standing out in bulk or height, Yuri stood out mentally and in his speed and strength. Able to move at speeds that made him blur to the eye even before his training, he was destined to be a weapon. The scientists that created him and the lab that spawned him were proud beyond belief. They made him entirely new prototype armor and Yuri became the first Stealth Spartan. As his final test Yuri at the age of 14 was sent into a covenant base to destroy one of the flag ships. Completing the mission without firing a single shot only using the twin combat blades earned him a spot in the Elite Omega Squad.

10. Go Easy

Thompson Log #001â€| Data Found

There was a bright flash of light and as soon as it came, it faded away. The source, a small blackened cube shook violently, sparked once and stopped.

"Damnit! I was sure that configuration would work too. I'll have to reset the plasma flux from scratch, fix the quantum generator and on top of that, it looks like I have to refine some more Carbon-21 for the casing."

Aliisa appeared out of the shadows and took off the thick welding glasses that shielded her blood red eyes. She ran a hand through her silver hair and gently bent down to pick up her device. The remaining case crumbled away at the lightest touch, leaving the still

smoldering insides bare for all eyes to see.

Heavy footsteps are heard approaching Aliisa from behind and a deep, heavily accented voice rings in the small chamber.

"Ali, the new squad leader is due in soon. We need to get ready."

Ali turned and marveled at her latest achievement, a fully functional mechanical body for her AI. It had taken her quite some time to acquire all the parts for the body but she had done it. Viktor had actually been the one to request the body and Ali, sensing a challenge, accepted. Viktor could perform any function a normal human could but better. The body had first been designed to be a physical shell for Viktor but Ali had gone overboard with the project and now Viktor was comparable to a battle hardened Spartan IV. Ali used Viktor as a lab assistant, sparring partner and most importantly, a source of much welcome company. When something broke and she needed a hand to fix it, Viktor was there. When she felt like practicing her hand to hand combat but didn't feel like getting beaten to a pulp by Nova, Viktor was always there ready to fight. When she needed someone to brainstorm her latest invention idea with, Viktor was there. When she was lonely and working way too much, Viktor was there to stop her and talk to her. In essence, Viktor was the best friend she ever had.

"Ali? We need to get ready for the new replacement leader. He will be coming on board in approximately 30 minutes."

Ali broke out of her small trance and towed Viktor by the arm back to her room. "Well then what are we standing around for? Let's go!" They arrived and Ali locked the door behind her and turned to look at Viktor with a glint in her eyes.

"Alright, old friend. I know how much you don't like to do this, and how last time you escaped and we were almost late but, this time, I locked the door. You can't get away. Come easy and I won't use your override code." Viktor looked around the small room and shook his head. He backed up a few paces and went into an advanced jujitsu fighting stance.

"If that is your decision, then I have no choice. System override function Zero-four. What is Life without Death." Viktor's body seized up in mid stride and he toppled to the floor. "Sorry about that but, I need you inside my head." Ali shrugged and went over to Viktor's body and pulled out his memory crystal.

Ali took the sliver of crystal and placed it inside the lock for her MJOLNIR armor. The case soon swung open, exposing Ali's MJOLNIR suit. Ali's suit was the most unique MJOLNIR suit ever built for one reason. She built it herself. Ali was the only candidate of the Spartan program to ever build her own suit. But, even then the statement was fully true, because she had produced the parts for the suit but that was where it stopped. She had taken all the parts and assembled the suit herself.

Ali was dragged out of her bed early in the morning and thrown into a pitch black room. The lights snapped on and several Section 5 techs were inside.

"Instead of you running around and killing people for your final exam, we decided to have a much more stimulating exam for you, Aliisa Thompson." One of the techs stepped forward and displayed a large table full of components.

"This is all of the hardware that is built into your MJOLNIR mk.6 battle armor suit. You have until this time tomorrow to built said suit. All the tools you require are inside this room as well. If you do not complete the suit or it does not function properly you will be discharged form the program. Do you understand these orders?" Ali nodded and the tech gave her a small grin as he and his partner walked out of the room.

Ali went over to the table and picked up the close to 3000 page manual for putting the suit together. She skimmed through the book and tossed it over her shoulder. She smirked.

"This is going to be a riot!"

Her hands flew over the pieces inspecting them all for impurities and functionality problems and tossed several parts over her shoulder like the manual. Finally selecting two pieces she sat down with a soldering iron and began to work. Her augmented ears picked up the gossip from the guards stationed outside the door.

"It's a shame. I guess the UNSC spent so much money to make her what she is today and now they're just going to burn all that cash. Not even the people that designed the suit can put it together that fast."

"Yeah I heard that it takes a 3 man team of techs almost 5 days to put on of those together. She has no chance." Ali just smiled and worked even faster.

Stepping back from the stand, Ali wiped her forehead with the sleeve of her long discarded trainee sweater and looked at her handiwork. The suit was finished, to her specs and she was proud. There were times where she doubted that it would all come together but here it is. She took a deep breath and powered up the suit. She couldn't do anything with it yet because she didn't have an AI mated with the systems but they could run their tests when she woke up. She lay down on the table which previously held her suit and took a nap. She woke up to a cup of cold water running down her back.

"Ali, the time has come. Are you finished?" Ali rubbed her eyes awake and looked up at the tech with a glare.

"Do you think I'm stupid enough to sleep if I'm not?" The tech glared back at her. "Well let's see how much money we wasted on this suit! It's a shame you know. We will start with the simplest thing. Does it even power up?"

Ali rolled her eyes. "No, of course not. I built it to look pretty."

She keyed in the start-up code in her data pad and the suit powered up. The tech looked at Ali sideways.

"How did you get it to start-up with out a retina scan from inside the helmet?" Ali shrugged. "Did that scan involve that busted scanner

in the corner?"

She hiked her thumb over her shoulder to the pile of scrap in the corner. The techs jaw dropped. "Oh and over there too," Ali continued, "Is all the gear that is useless for the suit and its optimum combat readiness and operation." She went over to the scrap pile and dug out a piece of metal.

"You guys really threw me a curveball with this one though. Placing an explosive charge in my suit? You guys tried really hard. I noticed it when the piece wasn't in the manual." She tossed the piece over to the tech who dropped his clipboard to catch it and gave Ali the 'What the hell were you thinking throwing explosives at me look'.

"Easy there tiger. It's defused. I placed a call into my good friend Alan Wolfsheim and he walked me through it, so knowing him, it still could very well go off at any timeâ€¦ He likes blowing stuff up too much." The tech whirled on the guards.

"You let her make a call?!" Ali giggled.

"Of course they didn't. I used the comm system in the suit. You are a lot dumber than you let on to you know?" She walked over to the suit and patted it gently. This suit is 100 percent battle ready, minus an operator and an AI mated to it. Which, seeing that this is my suit, naturally I will get to choose which AI does get used." The tech smiled for the first time after waking Ali up.

"You don't get to choose anything. We already decided on the AI that would be mated to the suit if you passed, so you have no choice. Although I'm sure that you won't be disappointed. We created an AI using your brain Ali. It is you and yet a different person. He has been waiting to meet you for some time now too. But that is a later date. You are dismissed." Ali huffed at the man and stalked out of the room.

"Those were the good daysâ€¦" Ali smirked to herself and suited up once more. She reached around and grabbed Viktor's memory crystal from her armor case on her way out of her room. While walking down to the hangar bay, she removed her helmet and plugged the thin slice of memory into its receptacle at the base of her neck. Ali preferred to have her AI inside her system instead of her suit. The cool presence of Viktor washed over her and his gruff voice echoed in her head.

"Ali, this new guy is going to get a good piece of my mind. I want him to be sure that he knows who it is that watches over you."

Ali giggled to herself before putting her helmet back on and continuing to the hangar bay.

"Go easy on him Vik. I don't want you to scare him out of the squad already. He is a newbie you know."

Arriving at the hangar bay, she found that she wasn't the last one to arrive. Ali stood next to Alan and waited. Nova showed up soon enough and the Longsword fighter docked. The boarding ramp fell and Ali saluted.

11. Aliisa Thompson

Name: Aliisa "Ali" Thompson

UNSC designation: Spartan V002-4

Rank: Chief Petty Officer

Species: Bio-Alt Human

Gender: Female

Height: 6'4

Weight: 96 Kilos unarmored 126 Full load out.

Age: 22

Build: Built like the perfect Spartan, Ali is very fit and shows it.

Eye Color: Crimson Red

Hair Color and Style: Sliver white almost completely bleached of any color. She usually leaves her hair down, unless working on a vehicle or something of that sort. Her bangs have been cut so only two strands fall to either side of her face.

Homeworld: Sigma Octanus II

Heritage: American-Swedish

Appearance: Ali is slightly heavysset, but doesn't show it. All of her weight is from the muscle that she has maintained from her Spartan training. Her hair, already bright blonde was bleached out further from her modification processes. Her other side affect is visible as well, her eyes shifted from hazel to the red they are now. Most of her height is in her legs, but still maintains a very natural appearance.

Personality: Ali is usually the life of the group. She is very carefree and open with her thoughts and feelings. She has the talent to find the gold lining of everything and never let's much get her down. She enjoys participating in small talk with most the crew but usually hangs around the engineering section with tech-geeks like her. This only half the picture. While in battle, she is the opposite of her normal self. Cold, ruthless and calculating, she rarely slips up and even more rarely shows any mercy to the opposition. She was busted down from 1st class during a mission on which she killed a hostage she was rescuing because her gave her too much lip. Despite this, she is excellent addition to the squad and can work well with the rest of the crew even under the largest amount of pressure.

Combat Specialty: Aliisa hasn't been shown top excel in any one part of combat. She is exceptional in every field of fighting and is rated above every Spartan V standard. Where she does show her expertise, is in the garage. A mechanic second to none, Ali finds way to fix anything that is broken.

AI Name and Appearance: Viktor, as he has proclaimed himself, took the form of a slightly heavyset Russian middle-aged man. He appears in upper-middle class clothing, with a large brown winter cover coat draped around himself. He is very bash, critical of most everyone. He also is very protective of Ali. To be of maximum assistance to Ali he is constantly updated with the designs and specs of the newest improvements in UNSC technology.

Aliisa has a unique AI, one that instead of merely inserting itself into her conscious, the system interfaces with her entire nervous system. This allows the AI to more efficiently assist Ali in her duties. She moves faster, hits harder, thinks quicker, and is able to fix objects without and troubles.

Background: Aliisa was born into the upper class elite on Sigma Octanus II. She lived a pampered childhood, but still didn't enjoy the company of the other children from the elite families. Instead she would be seen as a girl hanging around in the garage area, watching the mechanics and engineers work on keeping the massive house that her parents owned. Her parents were disgusted that she would rather be around with the dirty manual laborers than the others "like" her. Ali didn't seem to care. She would spend as much time as she could with the crew and never listen to her parents wishes. That was until the Covenant came to the system. When the news of Sigma Octanus IV's destruction, her parents whisked her off to where she would be safe, the family homeworld, Reach. On Reach, they learned of the Octanus system devastation and how the Inner colonies were going to be attacked next. This time, there was no other planet to ship Aliisa off to. They found the next best thing available to them, the military. Aliisa's father had contacts high in the UNSC ONI department. He found the best program for Ali, what safer was there than the frontlines? So Ali has pushed into the Spartan V program at the young age of 8.

A/N: Sorry about this late profile. I had to re-write this because it was lost over the summer.

12. Good Luck

M.C Anderson Log #001

The ride between the two ships was slow. The carrier was far larger than the special Omega squad vessel he was transferring to. Vince didn't mind at all, hell, as long as it flew.

He looked over his new MJOLNIR suit. It was very neat, far lighter than the previous version he had used. Its helmet was perfect fit for his, personally made for his muzzle. He decided to keep the helmet on as long as he could, since he was sure the other Spartans were only human.

He stared out of the forward viewport of the Longsword fighter he was in, the smallish human pilot taking him to the ship off in the distance. He was unsure about being on such a small ship, the small size made it far more vulnerable to systematic failure and that was definitely not what he wanted for his team. 'Oh well, such is the fates of the universe.'

He continued to look over his new suit. It had a logo for Omega squad

on the shoulder and below that the chevrons for her rank and such. He was surprised to hear that he, a non-human was now the leader of the five most deadly beings in UNSC history. He knew what he had to do. Vince was the Alpha of his pack. He would serve them well. The Longsword fighter slowly drifted into a docking clamp in the bay of the ship and the human pilot smiled.

"Alright, Chief. This is where you get off. Good luck."

The voice sounded familiar, like CPO Mendez's, but younger. 'Strange.' Vince nodded.

"Alright head back to the carrier. Good luck."

Vince smirked and saluted before holstering his plasma battle rifle on his pack, grabbing his duffel bag and effortlessly lifting it.

"You ready?" His AI, Tal asked him. "Sureâ€¦" he replied. "Let's hope they don't decide to give me too warm of a welcome."

The boarding ramp dropped, and he saw his new squad waiting for him. Two males, two females, all top of the line warriors of flesh and metal. One of them was even a prototype for himself.

"Omega squad, I'm here to inform you we have a new mission. And to take command of the squad and its components."

He saluted.

They saluted back.

A/N: WE WANT REVIEWS! We must have more than this before we decide to move on! Can I shoot for at least 6 or 7? Please? This is an important matter. We have had little feedback and we don't know what you all like and don't like. So criticism and compliments must come from you all.

End
file.